



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600021994V







THE  
HAPPY LAND;  
OR,  
EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY,

IN THOSE WHO HAVE DEPARTED HENCE IN THE  
FAITH AND FEAR OF THE LORD.

---

Selected from "*THE COTTAGER'S MONTHLY VISITOR*."

---

BY THE REV. HENRY CLISSOLD, M.A.  
AUTHOR OF "LAST HOURS OF EMINENT CHRISTIAN MEN AND WOMEN."

" 'Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die."



LONDON:  
Printed for the  
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE;  
SOLD AT THE DEPOSITORY,  
GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,  
4, ROYAL EXCHANGE, AND 16, HANOVER STREET, HANOVER SQUARE;  
AND BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

[936]

1854.

249. u. 429.

LONDON:  
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,  
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.



# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
Address . . . . .	5
Alice T——, the Lancashire Sunday School Girl . . .	11
William ——, the Chorister . . . . .	17
Mary E——, of C——, in Yorkshire . . . . .	25
E. W——, the Sabbath-Breaker reclaimed . . . . .	32
Sarah T——, the Orphan Girl . . . . .	47
Mary K——, the Labourer's Daughter and Sunday Scholar	53
Ruth, the Little Knitter and Sunday Scholar . . . .	57
B—— L ——, the Charitable Journeyman . . . . .	65
Mary M—— . . . . .	72
W—— E——, the Young Disciple . . . . .	80
Bessy H——, the Sunday School Girl . . . . .	86
Ann W——; or, Growth in Grace . . . . .	92
Narratives for the Young . . . . .	99
The Uses of Affliction . . . . .	104
Seek Religion now . . . . .	105
A Prayer for a Sick Child . . . . .	107
Concluding Hymn . . . . .	ib.





ADDRESS  
TO  
THE YOUNG READER.

---

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

I HAVE always been very fond of my National, Sunday, and Infant Schools. There I have passed some of my happiest hours.

Some time ago, one of my scholars became dangerously ill, and was confined to his bed, so that his place in school was vacant. The teacher called my attention to the circumstance, and, as the child had expressed a desire to see me, I went as soon as I could. I found him very ill and lying on his little bed, too weak to say much; but

what he did say showed that he was one of God's dear children. Having read to him suitable portions from the Bible, I knelt down by his bedside, and thus prayed to God in the language of our Liturgy<sup>1</sup>: "If it shall be thy pleasure to prolong his days here on earth, may he live to thee, and be an instrument of thy glory, by serving thee faithfully, and doing good in his generation; or else receive him into those heavenly habitations, where the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity." On rising from my knees, I promised to call again, and took my leave. At my next visit the mother told me, that soon after I had left the room, the child said, "Mother, I am going to heaven; take me up in your arms." The mother having done as she was desired, her child put his hands together, and began repeating the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father which art in heaven;" &c.; and, with the words on his lips, "Thy

<sup>1</sup> "Prayer for a Sick Child," from the Service for "The Visitation of the Sick."

kingdom come," he gently expired, and, as I trust, went on his way to those heavenly habitations, that *happy land*, into which we had prayed that he might enter.

" Oh, happy, happy land ! in thee  
Shines the unveil'd Divinity,  
Shedding through each adoring breast  
A holy love, a peaceful rest ;  
And those blest souls whom death did sever  
Have met to mingle joys for ever.  
Oh ! soon may heaven unclothe to me ;  
Oh ! may I soon that glory see !  
And my faint, weary spirit stand  
Within that happy, happy land."

On reading this account, you will probably say, " Let my last end be like his." But, my young friend, have you ever seriously asked yourself this question, " Am I fit to die?" in other words, " Am I prepared to meet my God?" Considering that after death is the judgment, this is the most solemn and important question you can put.

As the principles and practice enjoined in Holy Scripture are more or less clearly dis-

played in the instances about to be related, and as young people are very much influenced by good examples, I present to you these narratives, which are full of instruction on the very question I have put. Read and examine for yourselves the histories of these young persons, and receive your answer from them; for they being dead yet speak. It was their desire to live daily in the fear and love of God, and as under his all-seeing eye. They watched and prayed against their besetting sins. They were decided to give their hearts to God, and to serve Him in sincerity and truth; diligent in reading his word, and desirous to tread his courts. While they felt the proneness of their hearts to sin, and foresaw the consequences of offending so great and good a God, their hearts were softened by a sense of his loving-kindness in sending his Son Jesus Christ into the world to save sinners. The same way to pardon, peace, and eternal happiness lies open to you.

Do not say, I am too young to be reli-

gious. The Scripture records of Joseph, Samuel, Josiah, Abijah, and Timothy, show the contrary. And let me warn you to avoid the flattering belief that you are too young to die ; for do not the dates in this little book, and the inscriptions on the tombstones of every village churchyard, show that no one is too young to be called away by death ?

May the Holy Spirit impress upon you a deep sense of the importance of eternal things ! May you live, remembering that you must one day die ; that after death is the judgment ; and that then all the pleasures enjoyed by the bodily senses can never make up for the loss of the soul ! And since time is short, and death certain ; oh ! make your peace with God before you go hence, and are no more seen ; and then, at whatever hour of the day or night your Lord may call you away, you will be enabled by divine grace to say with my young friend, whose example I have placed before you, "Thy kingdom come ;" and you may

hope with him to be received “into those heavenly habitations, where the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity<sup>2</sup>.”

I am,

Affectionately yours,

THE AUTHOR.

<sup>2</sup> Service for the Visitation of the Sick.

# THE HAPPY LAND,

&c.



ALICE T—,

THE LANCASHIRE SUNDAY SCHOOL GIRL.

DIED 1821. AGED 14-15.

ON a Sunday morning in the year 1821, before Divine Service began, a parishioner waited upon me in the vestry, to say that Alice T—, a girl upwards of fourteen years of age, and an attendant at the Sunday school, was sick, and desired to see me. Understanding that she was very poorly, I embraced the earliest opportunity, and paid



her a visit between the morning and evening service. When I appeared at her bedside, and asked her how she did, I told her that I had come in consequence of hearing that she wished to see me, and I requested that she would strive to tell me, as well as she could, the purpose for which she had sent for me. Her reply was sensible and affecting. "Yes, sir," said she, "I do want to see you ; I am very ill, and I want you to talk with me ; I want you to pray by me, and to tell me how I must leave this world with comfort, and go to heaven when I die." You may readily suppose I did talk with my interesting young friend, and did point out to her the way that leadeth to everlasting life ; and if I ever prayed with ardour and sincerity, it was when I offered up intercessions and supplications by the bedside of this little girl. Though she was then much debilitated and worn with sickness, yet I learned many things from her which highly gratified and delighted me. I have visited many sick beds, but seldom did I see more pious resignation to the will of God ; seldom did I see a person who had a more becoming sense of the awfulness of going into eternity. I never met with greater anxiety for instruction ; and none could give a more Scriptural reason of the hope that is in them. My young friend's religion was equally removed from two

errors, which are very common in the world. People often build their hopes on some imaginary goodness of their own, without any reference to Christ their Redeemer. They have no sense of sin ; they talk about some good things which they have done, and many bad things which they have avoided ; but not one word about what Jesus Christ did to save sinners. We hear no expressions of gratitude *to* Him, or of dependence *upon* Him, as “ the Lord our righteousness.” Or, going to the opposite extreme, sick persons talk much about the mercy of God, and the atoning merits of Jesus Christ, without any regard to their own habits of life or dispositions of heart, evidently forgetting the Scripture declaration, “ Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.”

She said, “ I and every body need a Saviour ; I could not be saved without Jesus Christ ; without Him my sins could never be forgiven. I trust entirely in Him, and hope He will be my Saviour. It is this that now makes me happy and content either to go or to stay.” In this hope, and with these feelings, she died ; and I doubt not she is an inheritor of the blessedness promised to those that die in the Lord.

Alice, however, had other sorrows which

deeply affected her mind. She had the double misfortune of having lost her mother in her infancy, and of having for her father an idle, intemperate man. She was therefore taken care of by her grandfather and grandmother, with whom she lived, and who had brought her up. On her dying bed, filled with gratitude for their kindness, she called to mind many hasty words and disobedient acts which she had been guilty of towards these her best and dearest friends ; and she requested me to state to them her sorrow for those things, and to intercede with them to forgive her. I did so ; and it was truly affecting to behold the aged grandmother bending over her foster-child, and with tears of affection assuring her of her full and hearty forgiveness. Speaking of these relatives, she said, “ I thank them for all their goodness ; they have been very good to me ; they have done every thing they could for me ; I hope God will reward them, I cannot.” And then looking up to me, she said, “ And I thank you, sir, for all your goodness ; I am much obliged to you for coming to see me ; I hope God will bless you.”

Here, you see, appears a truly religious and pious mind ; and these things, I am sure, will convince you, as they convinced me, that this child possessed a goodly portion of

that wisdom which is from above, and which is pure, spiritual, and heavenly.

Where think you, reader, had this little girl learned all this religion? I asked her this question, and I heartily wish that every thoughtless parent, whose children are neglected, had been with me at her bedside when she answered, "*I learned it at the Sunday school.*" I was assured by a young woman who waited upon her, that at night, when she could not sleep, she would frequently talk about what the clergyman had said to the scholars at school. She would often say, "I used to be too careless about such things once, but I think a deal about them now."

I had previously known my little friend Alice. I had known her at the Sunday school, where she was constant in her attendance, and exemplary in her behaviour. I had examined her for confirmation, and had noticed her at the Lord's table two or three times afterwards; but I confess I had not been fully aware of the extent of her religious knowledge and piety. It was reserved for her deathbed to discover them fully, and I assure you the discovery was to me a most agreeable circumstance. It greatly endeared to my heart the cause of Sunday schools, and more than recompensed me for all the mortification and discouragement.

ment which I had experienced from the negligence of some and the obstinacy of others.

“I doubt not she is an inheritor of the blessedness promised to those who die in the Lord.”

“THE HAPPY LAND.”

“There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain!

“There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
That heavenly land from ours.

“Oh! could we all our doubts remove,—  
Those gloomy doubts that rise;—  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With faith's unclouded eyes;

“Could we but stand where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.”



WILLIAM —, THE CHORISTER.

DIED 1838.

IN the west of England, in an ancient cathedral town, there lived a widow with five sons. She was a woman of deep piety, and brought up her children in the way they should go. But it is of the youngest son, William, that I am now going to write. He was very young when his father died. The other sons being either at school or apprenticed to some trade, this child was the chief companion of the widowed mother in the days of her bereavement and afflic-

tion ; and he often stood by her as she prayed for resignation to the will of Him who had ordained her trial. She told me that, in order to reconcile her own mind to her affliction, she used to talk to her little boy of the power and goodness of God, and to tell him that He would be a parent to her dear children now their father was dead. It was by such repeated conversations that William's mind had been early led to that religious temper, which was so remarkable a feature in his character when I became acquainted with him, and which, under God's blessing, brought his infant mind to a closer attention to God's Word than one generally sees in such a young person. He would sometimes himself try to comfort his mother ; and seeing the tears run down her cheeks as she was doing her work one evening, he said, " Don't fret, mother ; you have often told me God would be a father to me, and I am sure He will be a husband to you ;" thus reminding her of that gracious promise, " He is the Father of the fatherless, and the God of the widow."

At seven years old William was put into the free grammar-school, and was placed in the choir of the cathedral. At this time I first became acquainted with him. It has long been my practice to attend occasionally the week-day prayers in the cathedral ; and here

I cannot help observing that I wish it were a more general practice. The church is opened, and the prayers are offered three times each day, to give every one an opportunity of joining with his fellow-creatures in the worship of the great Creator of all.

My own avocations leave me always at liberty in the afternoon ; and whenever I take my recreation, whether it be to walk or perform any office of social kindness, I must say I account it a great blessing that I can at three o'clock on any day enter the house of my God, there hear his Word read, and join with others in the prayers of our devotional Church Service. To me it is a great help during the week, to be able to retire from the bustle and noise of the town into the quietness of the cathedral, and there give up, for the short space of three-quarters of an hour, my heart and affections, my thoughts and feelings, to that which alone can spiritualize the mind—communion with God. I do not mean to say that others who retire into their chambers and seek it, do not as effectually find it ; I only advise an occasional attendance at the weekly prayers of the Church in addition ; for I thank God such an attendance has often been my strong help and comfort.

When I first saw William among the choristers, I was struck with the sweet expres-



sion of his countenance, and his deep attention to the service, so unusual at his early age. In a short time he was sufficiently taught to be able to take a part in the anthems and services ; and having a decided talent for music, and a very sweet voice, he was employed to sing at the choral meetings. I continued to watch my young friend week after week, till one evening I missed him, and not seeing him the following day or two, I asked the boys what had become of their companion. They told me he was ill, and I directly went to his mother's house, where I found William suffering from cold, and inflammation on the chest. He soon, however, recovered from this attack, and was able to return to the school and choir. At fourteen years old he was placed with the organist to perfect himself in music, and to fit himself for gaining his living ; but ill health frequently interrupted his studies, and I missed my young friend only too often ; but I had made his acquaintance, and was too much interested about him not to follow him to his own home. He was at this time about fifteen, and his repeated attacks of illness were so entirely of a consumptive nature, that it grieved me to see that I must indeed part with my young friend. I visited him frequently, and latterly daily ; and I never saw him otherwise than meek and

patient under very severe sufferings, for his attacks were spasmodic. It was truly affecting, but most consolatory, to see so young a person calmly looking on death, and placing his trust in Him, who "giveth power to the faint."

From the beginning of his last seizure he never expected to recover, and always said to his mother, when she planned any thing for his future days, "Wait, dear mother, till I do recover." He always in sickness (as it had been his constant practice in health) read daily a portion of the Scriptures; and he would still persist in this when he was in great pain; latterly, however, his mother used to read to him. He always selected the chapters, hymns, and prayers which applied to his present state, or to that which he expected soon would follow. I had sometime previously given him a little book of prayers, as an assistance when he knelt down to address his heavenly Father; and I was much affected one day to observe it particularly marked at one page, where there was a prayer for "meekness and resignation;" it made me value William's chastened mind; for I could not but feel convinced that the meek spirit with which he bore his sufferings, was the gift of God in answer to prayer.

But William's sufferings were soon to

come to an end. One morning I went to the house; I found him lying in his bed, breathing with much difficulty, but, whenever he could speak, uttering what consolation he could to his afflicted mother. I stayed some time, for I saw that my young friend's last hour was speedily approaching. He suffered a good deal from exhaustion, and said, "Mother, perhaps the doctor could give me something to soften my pains till my appointed time comes," and the next moment added, "but I put my trust in God alone." He then lay quiet for a few hours, when he said in a low, earnest tone, "My Lord! my Saviour!" and breathed his last.

Who shall describe the mother's anguish? I cannot, though I witnessed it; but I also witnessed her pious resignation, which quickly followed the first burst of grief, and heard her exclaim, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." This good mother is now in her grave, and the four sons whom I have not particularly mentioned are living, and fill the different stations in which they are placed with credit to themselves, respected by their neighbours, and trusted by their employers; proving, I think, the advantage of a good bringing up, and that it is the duty of all parents to inculcate those Chris-

tian principles, which will fit their children "to do their duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them," however short or however long may be the time given them to work out their own salvation; and which will afford them such peace and comfort in the hour of sickness and death, as can arise only from real faith and trust in that gracious Redeemer, who is with his faithful people in every time of need.

"He then lay quiet for a few hours, when he said in a low earnest tone, 'My Lord! my Saviour!' and breathed his last."

" LITANY.

"Jesus, Lord of life and glory,  
Bend from heaven thy gracious ear;  
While our waiting souls adore Thee,  
Friend of helpless sinners, hear.  
By thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord!

"Taught by thine unerring Spirit,  
Boldly we draw nigh to God;  
Only in thy spotless merit,  
Only through thy precious blood:  
By thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord!

"From the depth of nature's blindness,  
From the hardening power of sin,  
From all malice and unkindness,  
From the pride that lurks within;  
By thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord!

“ When temptation sorely presses,  
     In the day of Satan’s power,  
 In our times of deep distresses,  
     In each dark and trying hour ;  
                     By thy mercy,  
     O deliver us, good Lord !

“ In the weary hours of sickness,  
     In the times of grief and pain,  
 When we feel our mortal weakness,  
     When the creature’s help is vain ;  
                     By thy mercy,  
     O deliver us, good Lord !

“ In the solemn hour of dying,  
     In the awful judgment day,  
 May our souls, on Thee relying,  
     Find Thee still our rock and stay.  
                     By thy mercy,  
     O deliver us, good Lord !”



MARY E——, OF C——, IN YORKSHIRE,  
THE PARISH CLERK'S DAUGHTER, AND SUNDAY SCHOOL  
TEACHER.

DIED 1839. AGED 20.

MARY E—— was the daughter of the parish clerk of the small village of C——, in Yorkshire; and her parents being sensible of the value of a religious education, she was sent at an early age to the Sunday school, where she was so diligent, attentive, and well-behaved, that she was generally at

the head of her class ; and her affectionate teacher always regarded her as one whose steady perseverance promised much future usefulness.

At twelve years of age Mary was taken into the clergyman's family, where she gave general satisfaction by her neat and orderly habits ; and it was with great regret that at the end of four years a change in domestic arrangements obliged her mistress to part with her. Her next situation was in a clergyman's family at P——, in Yorkshire, where she was treated with great kindness by her master and mistress, who duly estimated her good qualities as a servant ; and here she was first attacked with a painful disease in the hip-joint, from which she continued to suffer to the end of her life. Upon the first discovery of her dangerous complaint she was sent to the county hospital, where it was thought she would receive superior medical attendance to any she could have in a private family. She was, however, afterwards removed to her father's cottage at C——, where she was for some time entirely confined to her bed, from which she arose, not in health and strength as formerly, but supported by two crutches, which she was obliged to use to the end of her earthly pilgrimage. This was a severe trial, but her resignation to the will of her

heavenly Father was manifest to all ; not a murmur ever escaped her lips, nor did a discontented look ever appear in her countenance ; and it was delightful to observe that this was not merely the effect of a naturally amiable temper, but that she was daily drawing strength from that great source of consolation, the Bible, which was now her constant companion, and in which she read that “whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth<sup>1</sup>.” In the spring of 1837 Mary commenced teaching a little school ; and while she instructed her pupils in reading and needlework, she also encouraged them to commit to memory short texts of Scripture, thus feeding their young minds with “the sincere milk of the word.” About this time also Mary offered her assistance in the Sunday school, which was gladly accepted. In the autumn of this year, Mary expressed a desire to be confirmed; in consequence of which her faithful and affectionate minister requested her to come to his house twice a week for the purpose of religious instruction ; and on those occasions he rejoiced to observe Mary’s great knowledge of Scripture, and correct views of divine truth. In the month of November Mary was confirmed, and from this time

<sup>1</sup> Heb. xii. 6.



forth she never neglected to receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper whenever it was administered; thus evincing her glad obedience to her Saviour's command, "Do this in remembrance of me."

Mary's chosen companions were those who feared the Lord, and though, from the natural reserve of her disposition, she seldom talked about religion, yet, when the subject was entered upon by others, the tear which always glistened in her eye was sufficient evidence that she deeply felt its importance. Her dress was always remarkable for its simplicity and neatness, not only abroad, but at home in her father's cottage amidst household duties and employments; and instead of distressing her parents by any appearance of sullenness and discontent at her condition, so altered by illness, a bright fire and a cheerful smile were always ready to receive them.

It might have been supposed that many years of usefulness, and of comparative happiness, were reserved for Mary; but her heavenly Father had ordained it otherwise; and a cough coming on, succeeded by a gradual decline, she was in the course of a few months brought to the grave.

The last time she attended the Sunday school she fainted immediately upon her return home, and shortly after she was confined

to her bed. Mary was now quite aware of her danger, and it was truly consolatory to observe her meek resignation to the will of God, and firm reliance on the merits of her Saviour in this time of need. The portions of Scripture from which she appeared to derive most comfort were the twenty-third Psalm, and the latter part of the eleventh chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew. Her favourite hymn was the following beautiful one by the late Sir Robert Grant: it may bring the same consolation to some others, as it did to her:—

“ When gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain ;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

“ If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,—  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

“ And oh ! when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last ;  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed,—for Thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.”

And on one occasion, when her faithful minister inquired if she had been meditating on any thing in particular that morning, she replied, "Yes;" and gently drawing a small hymn-book from under the bed-clothes, she pointed to the following verse:—

"Jerusalem, my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?"

The ways of Providence are unsearchable and past finding out; and amongst those mysterious providences may be classed that which laid the faithful and affectionate minister of this poor girl on a bed of sickness, and thus prevented all further conversation between them. This was a great trial; but when Mary was reminded by a mutual friend, that though she and her minister might never meet again in this world, yet they had a good hope of meeting in that world where there will be no more parting, she replied, with uplifted eyes, "No more parting there!"

On another occasion, when spoken to of the glories of the heavenly state, she said, with much earnestness, "I want to be there." On the last day of her life her speech was nearly inarticulate, but when her friend repeated to her that portion of Scripture, "My heart and my flesh faileth; but God is the

strength of my heart and my portion for ever," she gently whispered, "Yes."

Her last prayer was, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and take my poor soul!"

No tombstone marks the place where Mary lies, but her "record is on high;" and on the day of her funeral a small rose-tree was planted in the rectory garden, as a memorial of one who is removed from the garden of the Lord below, to bloom for ever in Paradise above.

"The ways of Providence are unsearchable and past finding out."

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for his grace:  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flow'r.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain,  
God is his own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain."



**E. W——, THE SABBATH-BREAKER RECLAIMED.**

**DIED A.D. 1840.**

IN the month of June, 1840, I was requested to visit E. W——. I found that she had enjoyed many religious privileges. She was baptized into the Christian Church, she was brought up in a Sunday school, and when arrived at years of discretion she was confirmed. But though in her own person she had promised and vowed to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil; yet, like too many young people when they have left school, she fell into four snares; the love of pleasure, the love of dress, vain

company, and sabbath-breaking. But God, who willeth not the death of a sinner, brought her into a state of dangerous sickness; and this affliction was the means of bringing her back as a penitent to her heavenly Father. In her last illness she deeply regretted that she had not been religious in youth. She earnestly wished that her voice could reach all sabbath-breakers, that they might be warned by her end to forsake their sins. And as she had desired me to warn servants, and young people generally, against sabbath-breaking<sup>1</sup>, so she now asked me to admonish them against evil companions, saying, "Although I have not been what the world calls an immoral person, or one given up to the grosser sins,—for God has kept me from them,—yet sabbath-breaking led me to seek the society of vain persons, and these again caused me to forget God and the interests of my soul: they made me neglect the reading of my Bible, and, indeed, all religious duties; and I therefore wish you to warn all young people against evil and unprofitable companions." Having given such instruction and advice as the nature of the case seemed to require, I read to her the Service for the Visitation

<sup>1</sup> See her letter on the evil of sabbath-breaking, at the end of this narrative.

of the Sick, and left, promising to call again soon.

At my next call she stated that, at an early period of life, she was a Sunday scholar at M——; that the Sunday school there was superintended by one who took great pains to instruct the young people. "Those, Sir," she said, "were the happiest, because the best days of my life. I observed the sabbath-day, attended my church, and had some religious impressions, which would no doubt have been improved, if, on my removal thence, I had not given up my Sunday school instructions. From that time I went wrong. I fancy I see the teacher now before me; and I very well recollect much of what I learnt in my Sunday school, especially the texts of Scripture, and the hymns, which I now repeat. Indeed, this seems so wonderful, considering that I had quite forgotten them, that I cannot help thinking it is the Holy Spirit that brings all these things back to my mind. If I were to recover sufficiently from this sickness to be drawn in a chair into your Sunday school, I would tell all your scholars 'to mind religion while they are young.'" She also said, "It is with great shame I confess, Reverend Sir, the improper feelings with which I attended the church when I was confirmed. Instead of going there with the intention of

imploing God's grace to help me to live according to his will, and to strengthen good resolutions, I went because most young people of my own age were going; and when there I had not one good thought or intention. I did not join in the service, nor did I offer up one prayer. I was occupied all the time looking about me at the dresses of the young people. O Sir! if I had gone there with holy thoughts, and offered a prayer, I should have received the divine blessing on the rest of my life, and should never have been the vain and careless person I have been. I should have recollected the solemn vows and promises made for me at my baptism, and it would have influenced all my days afterwards, so that I might have been a religious and a happy person."

On Friday, June 26th, I visited the invalid again, when she communicated the following additional particulars. "So hard was my heart that the two first years of my illness did not make me serious; but God continued the affliction to the third year. Then the first good impression arose from my father coming in, and finding me reading a book very unsuitable to one in my state of dangerous illness. My father's reproof made a serious impression on my mind which was never lost. Soon after I had



received this reproof, which I never forgot, my father had a severe accident. A limb was put out of joint, and he was otherwise injured by a fall, and so he was laid on his bed. As soon as I was better, I thought I would try to get into my poor father's room to see him; I crept up stairs with difficulty. After his observation to me about the book I had read, I supposed that the book I then saw him reading would be a religious book. I was struck with horror when, on opening it, I found it was just the contrary. I talked to my father very seriously about it, and told him what he had told me of the sin of reading such books when on the brink of eternity. I think it right to declare that the very same observation made to me by my father I made to him; and I am truly glad to assure you, Sir, that as God had blessed it from him to me to my conversion, so God blessed it from me, if not at present, yet in the end, to his conversion." My visit on this, as on former occasions, was closed with advice, reading, and prayer that God would continue the good work so evidently begun.

The following is the letter which she wrote to her brothers and sisters:—

"Oh that I could see all my brothers and sisters brought to know the Lord, before I depart this life! Oh what happiness would

it give me in my dying moments, if I could only see them put their trust in the Lord ! I should then know that their children would be brought up in the fear of the Lord, who would watch over them as they grow up ; and should it please Him to remove from them father or mother, they would then have one to flee unto, who has promised to protect the fatherless, and to be a husband to the widow ! O my dear brothers and sisters ! you are not so blind as not to know that such a day will come sooner or later. And when you are called to appear before your Maker, may you be able to obey the summons with a bright and smiling face ! Oh ! if you did but know what happiness, what pleasure there is in having God for your Friend, you would not delay one moment longer in seeking that Friend who is so soon to be found. Only look around you for a moment, and see how many are called suddenly to appear before their Maker, to answer for all the sins which they committed in this world : and who can tell that this may not be the unhappy end of some of you, if you still continue to live in this thoughtless way ? Oh ! how dreadful would it be, when arraigned before the judgment-seat of Christ, to hear our blessed Lord say to one sister, ' Come, thou blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom of heaven prepared for you

from the beginning of the world;' and to hear Him say to another of the family, 'Depart from me! I know you not!'

When her sister-in-law came into the room, she took her hand and said, "Mary! should your boy live, bring him up in the fear of the Lord, and when he is old he will not depart from it! Do, Mary!" Her sister-in-law promised to attend to her request. Another instance shows how faith in our blessed Saviour made her forget her pain, so that she could impart a spiritual blessing to others. This day, November 2nd, upon seeing her brothers, she gave them the best advice, exhorting them to live in the fear of the Lord all their days, them and their children. "Do not, pray do not neglect the sabbath! Look at me; your example will be every thing to your children, and bring down the Lord's blessing upon yourselves."

In the midst of excruciating pain she was anxious not to go out of the world without endeavouring to reclaim a thoughtless young woman, who had accompanied her in one of her former holiday desecrations of the sabbath-day. A female friend who was present at the interview told me: "I called one evening to see her (E. W——), and was much delighted with her anxious endeavours to hold a conversation with this young woman. She said to her, 'The circumstance

of our being together' (*i. e.* I suppose, on the sabbath-breaking excursion) 'reminds me of the women spoken of by our Saviour so beautifully in Scripture; "Two shall be grinding at the mill; one shall be taken and the other left;" you see I am taken, and you left. But I trust you will consider this; and as we have travelled the downward road together, you may see the necessity of turning to the Lord ere it be too late. I do not wish to recover. I have taken leave entirely of this world. I have had time given to me to repent, but you may be suddenly called hence!'

She afterwards wrote a letter to the young woman, and having sealed it, desired it might not be delivered to her until after her own decease. It concluded with these words, 'LOOK FORWARD, ERE IT BE TOO LATE.' " May the Holy Spirit write these words on the heart of every thoughtless young person!

A birthday, so usually the period of levity, was to her an occasion for reflection and confession of sin, nor were thanksgivings wanting for having been "plucked as a brand from the burning." "The Lord—blessed for ever be his name!—has permitted me to see this day, the anniversary of my birth. I look back with shame and sorrow at so many years lost in vain

and idle pastime; and many more would perhaps have been passed in the same way, had not my blessed Saviour stepped forth and saved me, by placing me on a bed of sickness, where I was brought to my senses. The Lord showed me what a sinful, useless member of his Church I had been, and that I had not done one good action. Oh what a dreadful state to find oneself in! But bad as it is, and even if it were many times worse, *there is mercy to be found at the hands of the Lord for all those who put their trust in Him.*”

A friend who was present soon afterwards, thus writes: “She tells me she is certain that the Almighty watches over her, and she wakes sometimes repeating, sometimes singing those verses from the Magnificat, ‘My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour,’ &c., with several portions from the Psalms.”

The following sacred poem was also a great favourite:—

“For what shall I praise Thee, my God and my King?  
 For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?  
 Shall I praise Thee for pleasure, for health, and for  
 ease?  
 For the spring of delight and the sunshine of Peace?”

“For this should I praise Thee? If only for this,  
 I should leave half untold the donation of bliss.  
 I thank Thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,  
 For the thorns I have gather’d, the anguish I bear.”

“ The flow’rs they were sweet, but their fragrance is  
 flown,  
 They yielded no fruits, they are wither’d and gone.  
 The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me,  
 ’Twas the message of mercy ; it led me to THREE.”

On another occasion she said, “ How very sorry I am that I was so long without religion in this world ! Would that in earlier years I had seen the blessedness of a life given to God ! ”

Her joy and peace were frequently chastened by sorrow at the recollection of her former thoughtless course. When in the greatest bodily pain, she writes, “ O my soul, what would have been your portion had not that Saviour stepped forth and saved you ! I tremble as I think of it ! But oh ! how different the prospect is now ; that Saviour is become your joy and your salvation.”

Her patience and resignation were equally remarkable. When her mother said, “ My dear child, do you not wish the Lord would take you out of your pain and suffering ? ” she replied, “ No ! I have no right to wish. It is the Lord’s will I should suffer, and I am praying constantly to Him for strength to bear what He pleases ! ” On another occasion she observed, “ How thankful I am that my right hand is spared to me ! (for

many months she had been unable to use her left hand) how thankful I am for the mercy of using my right hand! and, indeed, for all his mercies to me!"

On Tuesday, November 3rd, she said, "O mother, nearly gone! but all is PEACE within. My Saviour waits to receive me; and when my Father wills, He will take me." She joined in the prayers, and desired the Psalms might be read, with clasped hands repeating them. To one of her attendants during the night of Friday, Nov. 6th, she often spoke of the poor, and said "she wished that they would love the sabbath-day more, and teach their children to do so by their example;" and thus continued: "if I were to recover, although I have not the least wish to do so, yet were it so, it would seem quite a new world to me, since I am a new creature; I would have new friends, new pleasures, new employments." She expressed her thanks to all persons who had been kind to her in her illness, particularly to her mother, and said, "Next to my God I love my mother, and am very thankful to God that He has spared my mother to watch over me in my long and severe illness. I know that God has afflicted me in mercy."

After her decease, the following letter,

sealed, and in her own hand writing, was placed in my hands :—

“ To the Rev. H. C——.

“ The sinful life, blessed affliction, and happy death of Eliza W——, late of C—— st., S——.

“ To you, Reverend Sir, as my kind and indulgent minister, I have addressed myself, humbly entreating that you will read this paper to the young people that assemble in your chapel on the sabbath. O, Reverend Sir, warn them against breaking that most holy day ! Tell them, from the experience of one whose eyes the Lord hath most mercifully opened, the consequences that will arise from the desecration of the Lord’s day. I was breaking the sabbath-day when I caught the severe cold which has caused all my illness, and my death. Twenty-four years have I lived in this wicked world without acknowledging my Creator in my heart : therefore I cry out with the Psalmist, ‘ It is good for me that I have been afflicted, for before I was troubled I went wrong.’ What a mercy, what a blessing that I was not cut off in the midst of my sins ! O my God and Saviour ! blessed and only happy are they who love and fear Thee, and keep thy commandments. Though I had forgotten Thee,



O my Saviour! Thou hadst not forgotten to be gracious. Oh, no! I can now see that my blessed Lord was my Friend and Protector through life. He willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live. For though Almighty God laid the hand of affliction upon me, and stretched me on a bed of extreme sickness and pain—sacred and holy be his name!—He waited many months patiently for my soul to turn unto Him and live. But my wicked heart still thought of nothing but this world's vanities, till one day,—oh, most blessed day!—the physician had but just been to see me; when he was gone, my father came into the room, and said, 'You are very ill, and in your present state there are no hopes given you; I think it now high time that you laid those books aside.' (I was reading the Life of Richard III.) At the time I did not return any answer to my father, seeing him much affected. I, however, resolved to finish the book I was reading, which I did; but every leaf I turned my thoughts recurred to my father's words, for they had sunk deeply into my heart. I then called for my Bible, and began reading the New Testament. Since this, Reverend Sir, I cannot tell you how good, how merciful the Lord hath been unto me; how each day He has sup-

ported me, sinful being that I am, deserving at his hands nothing but death. Should He in his mercy permit me yet to live, that life which is but now begun in me—for my past years are but a dark dream of this world's vanities—shall be devoted to his praise, to his honour and glory. But I feel that in his wise and sacred counsels it is not to be. Let me but have the support of the Holy Spirit through what I may yet have to suffer, and I bow down with submission to his will. The Lord has a right to do what He will with me. The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away. Blessed, for ever blessed, be his holy name! If I could write all the mercies and the blessings received at his hands, I could fill volumes. But I now feel that I am becoming weaker and weaker. Daily my bodily strength faileth; but strong in faith, and sure and holy trust in my Saviour, I feel I have nothing to fear, not even in death. I pray the Lord to have mercy upon all young people, and turn their hearts from the vanities of this wicked world, that when laid on a bed of sickness, they may feel happy, truly happy, as the once sinful, but now truly penitent,

“ELIZA W——.”

Let young people ever remember this important advice: “LOOK FORWARD, ERE IT BE

TOO LATE.” This our departed sister did :  
her end was PEACE ; and doubtless she has  
entered into “ the rest that remaineth for  
the people of God.”

“ I am praying to Him constantly for strength to bear what He  
pleases.”

Oh ! what a comfort 'tis to know  
That He whose eye its vigil keeps,  
To guard and fold His flock below,  
Is never weary, never sleeps.

Perhaps you feel the heavy load  
Of sorrow, pain, or deep distress ;  
And trembling pace the flinty road  
Which leads the hardy to success ;

Fear not, but trust His guiding hand,  
Nor murmur at His sovereign will ;  
E'en troubles come at His command,  
And therefore should be welcome still.

When He chastises or reproveth,  
'Tis thine in faith to kiss the rod ;  
Be sure He chastens whom He loves,  
And see thy Father in thy God.

On Him repose each anxious care,  
As well becomes a duteous son,  
In every pang be this thy prayer,  
Lord, not my will, but Thine be done <sup>3</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> “ Golden Sayings of the Wise King Illustrated.”  
By the Rev. T. B. Murray, M.A. Society for Pro-  
moting Christian Knowledge,



**SARAH T——, THE ORPHAN GIRL.**

**DIED JAN. 7, 1841. AGED 20-21.**

SARAH T—— was left an orphan at the early age of three years, at which time she was placed under the care of her grandmother, who lives in my parish. When at her Sunday school, she was gentle, teachable, attentive to the instruction she received, and very affectionate and grateful to her teachers ; and as a servant, Sarah was diligent and faithful, modest, humble, and respectful.

At the very time when Sarah's cup of prosperity seemed full, and the prospect before her was bright, her heavenly Father had

better things in store for her ; and while the succeeding events of her life seemed to mortal eyes only the blight and destruction of all her earthly hopes, they were, indeed; the cords of love by which He was drawing her to Himself.

At the close of the year 1839 it pleased God to visit her with that sickness which ended in her death : and to prove how much she was valued by her kind master and mistress, I ought to mention that they kept her in their service upwards of six months when she was scarcely able to do any of her usual work.

But I must proceed to relate the remainder of her history. As soon as I saw her after she came to her grandmother's, I felt quite convinced that her sickness was indeed unto death. I took an early opportunity of intimating to her that there was but little probability of her recovery ; and on my asking her what her hopes were as to the future world, in the prospect of soon going hence, she said she felt she had not yet that clean heart which God required. I told her that a deep sense of the want of it was the first step towards obtaining it, and I directed her to use constantly David's prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." During the last three months of her abode on earth, I had frequent opportunities of reading, and pray-

ing, and conversing with her ; and being very anxious to know whether her heart was right in the sight of God, I asked her one day what she meant when she said that she had not yet that clean heart which God required. She answered, " I then felt that I had not given up the world, but now I have." After this she appeared to be completely happy, having resigned every thing into the hands of her heavenly Father, in the spirit of a true disciple of the Lord Jesus, " Not my will, but thine, be done." In this frame of mind she struggled with the pains and weariness of lingering disease, having a full reliance on the rich and glorious promises made to the believing soul in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This smoothed the rugged passage before her, and she was indeed " kept in perfect peace ;" not the peace of ignorant insensibility, but the peace of believing confidence. Her sufferings at times were great ; but I often observed that the moment I opened the Bible, and read to her some of its exceeding great and precious promises, her countenance, which before was expressive of severe pain, became quite composed, and an expression of sweet peace and tranquillity spread itself over her poor emaciated features. She suffered so much from a harassing cough and difficulty of breathing, that I often begged her not to talk ; indeed

she never was a *talker*, but gave a surer proof of her religion by her *actions*. She had great comfort and delight in hearing the word of God, and in prayer; and that beautiful hymn of Sir Robert Grant's, given in full in the narrative of Mary E——, the clerk's daughter (page 29), beginning,

“ When gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark and friends are few,” &c.,

was a constant source of comfort to her. Such was her desire for spiritual food and nourishment, that she one day asked (though evidently afraid to make the request) if I could go and see her *twice* a day; and on my assuring her that I would most willingly comply with her request, she seemed much delighted, and very thankful. I often sat in painful silence by her bedside, watching the pangs and heavings of her feeble frame, occasionally repeating a short text of Scripture to her, and lifting up my heart in prayer to the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, that as her sufferings abounded, so her consolations also might abound by Christ. On one occasion, when I was taking leave of her, I said, “Keep looking to Jesus.” She replied, in a stronger tone of voice than I had heard from her before, “I do look to Him, I believe in Him, and I trust in Him.” On another occasion, when I was

taking leave of her for the night, I said, taking her by the hand, "The Lord be with you, and strengthen and comfort you!" She replied, "He is always with me." On my repeatedly asking her if she felt perfectly happy, she invariably replied, "Quite happy, no doubts or fears." She had to endure severe bodily suffering before her happy spirit was dismissed; nevertheless, her Saviour did not leave her nor forsake her, but fulfilled his gracious promise to her, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you."

The closing scene of her life, which I witnessed, was affecting, but not distressing; the pulse throbbed faintly, while for some time the last expiring spark of life seemed ready to go out. Her dying moments were easy, unattended with any painful or convulsive struggles, and after two or three deeper sighs than usual, she yielded up her spirit to her Redeemer, and all was rest and peace.

What a great and happy change has death made in her! No pain, no cough, no wearisome nights, no "tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day." All that was sinful and painful is over; she has entered into rest,

"Where not a wave of trouble rolls  
Across the peaceful breast."



Her sun indeed went down while it was yet day. The Lord brought down her strength in her journey; but, in so doing, He has delivered her from the miseries of this sinful world, and taken her to dwell with Him in life everlasting. She departed this life on Thursday, January 7, 1841, in the twenty-first year of her age, and is now numbered among that little band of whom, when looking at their graves, I can truly say, “these have been a comfort unto me.”

“He is always with me.”

“Christ came to bid the weary rest,  
To heal the sinner’s wounded breast,  
To bind the broken heart;  
To spread the light of truth around,  
And to the world’s remotest bound  
The heavenly gift impart.

“He came our trembling souls to save  
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,  
And chase our fears away;  
Victorious over death and time,  
To lead us to a happier clime,  
Where reigns eternal day.”



**MARY K—, THE LABOURER'S DAUGHTER AND  
SUNDAY SCHOLAR.**

**DIED 1846. AGED 18.**

SHE had been brought home ill when I saw her. She had never made any remarkable profession of religion to distinguish her particularly from others ; but religious knowledge acquired, and the religious principles inculcated in the Sunday school were as bread thrown upon the waters, seen after many days, especially in her last hours, as the following narrative shows. During her

short illness, she seemed under considerable anxiety on religious subjects. Her disorder at length turned to typhus fever. I mention her case, because it illustrates the great value of committing to memory collects, hymns, and portions of Scripture ; which it has been the rule to do in the Sunday school of this parish, where poor Mary attended from the age of five until she went to service, some years ago.

I saw her yesterday evening, some hours before her death, but did not expect that the fever (though evidently a fatal one) would have removed her in so short a time. She was quite delirious, and almost totally deaf, yet knew me, and looked wistfully at me. To delirious patients, it is generally wise to speak in a cheerful, common-place tone : solemnity of manner or voice usually agitates, and drives away the flickering light of reason which remains. I did so in this case, and though it was with difficulty I made her hear me, yet a temporary and partial gleam of understanding was vouchsafed to her. I knelt down beside her, and opened the Prayer Book, showed her what I was doing, and took her hand in mine. She then called aloud to the family, "Come, all you kneel too." She could not hear a word I said, for it was only by shouting close to her ear that I had been able to make her understand even

my simple questions. She looked hard at me for a long while, while I was reading the beautiful prayers of our Church for the sick, but at last she began to pray aloud. Her mind was gone, and she could not frame petitions of her own; but her heart was earnestly turned towards God, and found its utterance in stringing together according to her feelings, numbers of verses, prayers, texts, lines of hymns, &c., every one of which I could recognize as having been learned by the children at the Sunday school, or used in the public service of the Church. Memory supplied the place of reason: for instance, part of her prayer ran thus: "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline . . . I love the Lord, because He hath heard the voice . . . O Lord, we beseech Thee. Mercifully be delivered by thy goodness! Love the faithless sinner, Lord: O Lord, love her still! Spare us, good Lord! Good Lord, deliver us! Redeemed with thy most precious blood. Wash all my sins away. O my soul! for ever praise . . . Mercy, good Lord, mercy, I ask! O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us! Save me for thy mercy's sake! Save her soul," &c. Her prayers were all of this kind, some more, some less coherent, but all in the most imploring and piteous tone of earnestness. I paused until she had finished a fervent

prayer, and then closed it with the Lord's prayer and benediction; and as I rose, she said with a sweet smile, "O thank you, thank you, sir! O thank you, sir!" and raised her hand to grasp mine, and as I left the room she followed me with her eyes. Who shall say how precious may have been to poor Mary, or acceptable to her Maker through the merits of our Saviour, the broken prayers conveyed in the fragments of the lessons learned by heart at her Sunday school. And I hope that Sunday scholars who read this, may learn to value their tasks more than is usually done. I saw poor Mary no more alive.

"Who shall say how precious may have been to poor Mary, or acceptable to her Maker through the merits of our Saviour, the broken prayers conveyed in the fragments of the lessons learned by heart at her Sunday school?"

"O Thou from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to Thee;  
In all my conflicts, pain and woes,  
Good Lord, remember me!

"When on my fearful burden'd heart,  
My sins press heavily;  
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart:  
Good Lord, remember me!

"When in the solemn hour of death  
I bow to thy decree;  
Be this the prayer of my last breath,—  
Good Lord, remember me!"



**RUTH, THE LITTLE KNITTER AND SUNDAY SCHOLAR.**

**DIED A.D. 1847.**

**ALWAYS** writing of death ! Yes ; for year by year, as time glides from us, we meet him oftener in our path. Some cherished name is taken from our list of living friends, some beloved voice is silenced whose tones linger in our hearts ; but we shall hear them no more upon earth. Even in the narrow circle of the parish school we find a vacant place ; death has been there also. Among those young children there have been some whose race has been early ended. Oh ! may we

indeed trust that they have been carried home ; that the voice of the good Shepherd summoned them in the early morning of their life !

True, the vacant place is soon filled ; a school, like the world, is a place of change.

Many things are taught at school that children can hardly understand ; yet patiently, patiently we repeat the holy words, and dwell upon the holy name of Christ, and tell them He is their Saviour, their only way of approach to God, their only hope, their true Friend. Surely we may trust that something of this will abide with them, some knowledge of the forgiveness of sins, the benefit of Christ's death, and his love and care for them. These may be written, even then, by the Holy Spirit in their hearts, and bear fruit unto eternal life.

Little Ruth was a motherless child. Her mother died in giving her birth, but the kindness of an aunt supplied the place of her lost parent. The little girl grew up, and was sent to school ; she was not then an amiable or a gentle child : her wayward, fretful temper was a constant annoyance to her companions, and her mistress sometimes feared it would be necessary to send her from the school. No one could sit in peace near Ruth during school hours, and reproof or warning seemed lost on her. I did not then know her.

When my attention was called to her afterwards, I saw only a quiet, modest child, with a low, meek voice, remarkable for the cleanliness and neatness of her dress. Her father was very poor, but no rich child was ever cleaner than little Ruth; her nice smooth hair was a pattern to her school-fellows, and the pains her aunt took with her appearance were not thrown away. Ruth, though poorly dressed, was not untidy. She had been in the Union for a few months; the school she there attended had perhaps been better managed, for Ruth's manner was changed on her return to the parish school. She had also learnt to knit; the work pleased her, and the child was amused and quiet while her nimble little fingers plied the knitting needles.

Then came her long, sad illness. There is a small white cottage on the hill-side, sheltered by a little wood of fir-trees, where the wild columbines grow; the larks sing loud and sweetly overhead, and a path leads round the corn fields under the hawthorn hedges to the door. Within the cottage every thing was always neat, always in perfect order; Ruth's aunt kept the house clean, and quiet, and comfortable, even in poverty. The family certainly were very poor, for the father could not always obtain work, though willing and industrious; but



there was none of the misery and the want of arrangement so often seen in the houses of the very poor.

In our frequent visits we used to find little Ruth sitting on a low stool by the fire, pale, very pale, and weak ; her food no longer nourished her, she grew thinner and feebler every day. Her little face was very sad, but there was no fretfulness and impatience now. Her smooth auburn hair was combed back from her forehead, and was pretty even to the last ; it was so nicely kept. At that time she was almost too weak to employ herself at all ; but, ill as she was, she could not rest till she had finished a little piece of knitting for a lady who had been very kind to her during the winter. Slowly, but perseveringly, the work was finished, poor little Ruth's last work, and then her knitting needles were laid aside for ever. Ruth was very shy and silent ; she only answered in monosyllables, and did not like to talk about herself ; but she took great delight in the clergyman's visits, and listened gladly while he read and prayed with her, and spoke to her of Him who sent her sickness, who was her Saviour, and who would comfort and support her through all her sufferings. As long as she could read, her aunt said she always had her books near her, and constantly read in them a little at a

time ; and then, she added, that Ruth was often praying quietly. Once she took courage to say to the clergyman, she wished he would come even oftener to see her if he had time ; and this must have been a great effort for little Ruth, so quiet and reserved in character. After a time she was confined to her little bed ; the clergyman did go very often to visit her, for he was fond of all his school children, and especially of those whom dangerous illness brought more especially under his care. I frequently saw her, and sometimes read a psalm to her, sitting by her bedside near the open window, the soft spring air breathing over the fields without, all things full of beauty, but a beauty that must pass away ; and within, the immortal spirit, in its frail covering of clay, waxing feebler day by day, listening to the sweet words of comfort treasured up in that holy and beautiful book of Scripture. It was a mournful sight to look on so much pain, and watch the lingering illness of that poor wearied child ; yet it seemed that God was with her, giving her patience, and making her sickness blessed to her. At last, one bright afternoon in May, I went to the cottage under the firs ; a friend was with me, who had never seen little Ruth before ; but her heart was full of love to the child who lay

so pale and patient before her, upon whose countenance the ashy hue of death was already resting. She sat down close by Ruth, and opened her Testament. "I think you will like to hear of our blessed Saviour, to hear me read some of the words He spoke while He was on earth." And then she read of the woman who came to Jesus, and washed his feet with her tears, and anointed them with ointment; and of the blessed words that Jesus said to her, "Thy sins are forgiven thee<sup>1</sup>." "You also, dear child, during this long illness must have remembered many things wherein you did wrong, many thoughts, words, and deeds of evil; do you know why you should not be punished for them?" Ruth had been listening with deep attention to the gentle tones of the speaker; her dying voice answered clearly, and at once, "Because Jesus Christ died to save sinners." We were gladdened by the simple reply; it gave us hope that she had, indeed, heard and understood the message of forgiveness that merciful Saviour has brought to those who were ready to perish. We could not remain long with her, for we saw she was tired, and we knew how weak she was. Something was said about our coming

<sup>1</sup> Luke vii. 36—48.

again. Ruth exerted herself to say, in a firmer and more distinct voice than usual with her, that she hoped we would come ; that she should be glad to see us. I think her eyes were turned to the new friend, whose kind sweet voice and words had reached her very heart. We promised to visit her again ; but the next day, when the clergyman went to the cottage, after morning service, he found the spirit fled : little Ruth would never know pain any more.

We could not speak to her again. She needed no comfort now from mortal lips ; but we stood by her coffin, and gazed upon the quiet form in its peaceful sleep. The face was not that of a child of eleven ; it was greatly aged by her long illness, but all was calm and serene. Oh ! how sad and touching is the countenance of death, the countenance of a child in its last sleep ! Her face is before me now ; it was hardly changed from what it was when I had last seen it ; the ashy paleness was the same ; the patient expression was there still. We stood long beside her ; her new friend looked on death for the first time, and when Ruth's aunt would have replaced the covering on the child's face, she said, in a low voice, " Let me look a little longer ; she is laid there so still and motionless, fixed in that attitude, to be roused only at the morning

of the resurrection." But we are thinking of the cold pale form, and our thoughts should be with the spirit that has fled away from the body. Christ died for sinners ; all the glory and wisdom of the world passes away ; to know *this*—ah ! not in words, but as a deep and sacred truth for ever present in our hearts ; this is the knowledge that bringeth peace at last ; the only ground of our hope before God.

"It seemed that God was with her, giving her patience, and making her sickness blessed to her."

"Believe me, every bitter pain  
Is fraught with recompense and gain ?  
Sent by a Father's hand—to bless  
With peaceful 'fruits of righteousness.'

"What, if thy Saviour, brother, friend,  
The process of thy grief attend ?  
As the refiner sitteth by,  
The precious ores to purify.

"The gardener, seeking richer fruit,  
Will ponder well the measured shoot ;  
And feel a kind of mental strife,  
Ere he apply the pruning knife.

"The tender parent will reprove,  
And chide the children of his love ;  
But, if with chastening rod he stand,  
A father's love will guide his hand.

"And can thy Saviour's care be less,  
His watchful skill and tenderness ?  
Trials must yield to his control,  
Eternal love directs the whole.

“Then dry each tear, afflicted saint,  
Check every murmuring of complaint,  
Bid all thy griefs and sorrows end,  
Go, cast them on thy Saviour friend.”



B—— L——, THE CHARITABLE JOURNEYMAN.

DIED 1838.

B—— L—— was placed by his father in a shop to learn a business, and to provide a living for himself. He was an amiable, good-tempered youth, and gave much satisfaction to his master. When the term of his apprenticeship expired, he took a situation with a  
[936]

salary in a large town. The family with whom he had resided parted from him with regret, because he had been well-conducted, and had occasioned them no anxiety. When he became a journeyman he gave his mind entirely to business, never seeking those amusements which too often draw the young into temptation, and blight all their prospects in life. He seems during this period to have been perfectly satisfied with himself, and making no anxious inquiry after "the one thing needful."

The time, however, arrived, when God by his Spirit was graciously pleased to make Himself known to B—— L——, and for this purpose made use of the sister of his employer, a pious woman, who desired that all might be partakers of the blessings she herself enjoyed. I do not know much respecting his early religious progress, whether the terrors of the law, or the loving persuasiveness of the Gospel, drew him to a knowledge of Christ. Whatever it might be, one thing is certain, his faith was not "dead, being alone;" for he soon found means to let his light shine before men, so that they, seeing his good works, might glorify his Father in heaven. Now he became active for God, "diligent" still "in business," but "fervent in spirit" also.

His salary was carefully husbanded, not

for himself, but for the afflicted and poverty-stricken people of God. No more was spent upon his own person than just so much as was sufficient to keep up a respectable appearance, in accordance with his situation in life. He became an active member of Christ's Church ; he visited the sick, and relieved their wants ; he sought out the ignorant, and read to them the Word of God. He made a regular weekly allowance to two poor families, and gave with cheerful liberality to religious societies. All this was accomplished without ostentation or *talk*, for much came to light after he had ceased from his labours, and entered into his rest. Nor did he neglect his earthly master's interests. He found time for all he had to do ; and well it was for him that he did not loiter.

For some time his health seemed indifferent, and in August, 1838, he was advised by his medical man to try change of air ; accordingly he returned to his native place, the home of his youth, the residence of his family, in the parish of my sister's husband ; and thus he came under our immediate observation. He had not been at home more than a fortnight before he became very considerably worse in health ; and Satan, taking advantage of his illness, deprived him of all his spiritual comfort. He frequently mourned over his coldness in prayer, and complained " that



he had neither part nor lot in Christ." But Satan was not long allowed to maintain this advantage over him; as he drew near the confines of eternity the dark cloud vanished, and he told his minister he had "joy unspeakable and full of glory." He did not appear to suffer much, except from extreme weakness; he was reduced to a mere shadow. He often spoke of the poor families to whom he gave a weekly allowance, and wondered how they would get on when he was called away. But this was graciously ordered; for in the providence of God the two old persons respecting whom he was most anxious, were both called home the very week before he died.

The night before his departure, he exclaimed several times, "Victory, victory! Who would be without Christ on a death-bed? Oh, what a precious Saviour!" Then, pressing his hands upon his breast, he said, "Oh, what a weight of glory!" For some time he endeavoured to sing hymns, his face beaming with smiles; he desired his family to follow him to Christ, and with triumph on his brow fell asleep in Jesus without a sigh.

In these days of empty profession, how truly refreshing it is to find an instance, like the one recorded, of vital godliness! Many take the name of Christ upon their lips, who

never intend to take Him to their hearts. Perhaps some may think B—— L—— had nothing in particular to live for ; on the contrary, he was on the point of marriage with a young person in every way calculated to make him happy. He had also in prospect many years of usefulness for God and man. He had affectionate parents, and with honest industry plenty of this world's good in fair prospect. The little money he had contrived to save from his yearly salary he left to the Church Missionary and another religious society, to be equally divided.

To young men in general let me address myself, and oh ! may God incline you to hearken to his own voice, and to suffer for once a word of exhortation, from one whose heart's desire and prayer to God in your behalf is, that you may be saved. Satan, the world, and your own hearts will continue to deceive you. Many a youth presses to his lips the intoxicating cup of earthly pleasure, and is conscious of its sweets, but perceives not the deadly poison with which it is impregnated. Let none be tempted to think there is no ground for suspicion, no evil to be dreaded, in the vain amusements of the world. It would be but too easy to show that there are many, various, and complicated evils connected with these things. Without just now speaking of these amusements more

particularly, and of the society and temptations to which they lead, I will only ask, Is time of such small value? Is any man sure that the period of his life will be sufficiently extended, to admit of his sacrificing any portion of it to those vanities which bring no peace at the last? What though the scenes of life may be opening upon you with every flattering prospect, and the full tide of health flow in your veins, and the world smile upon you, and it seems as if you could promise yourselves many years of uninterrupted enjoyment, yet reflect! B—— L—— was young and in the full vigour of health and usefulness, when he was called by sickness to give an account to God for those talents committed to him, and well it was that he had not hid them. Many, I fear, are at “ease in Zion,” going down to the grave, leaving but a dark and dubious hope to their surviving friends. But let our aim be higher than this. Henceforward may we be stirred up to give all diligence to make our calling and election sure. Let us endeavour after an immediate readiness for death and eternity, “that so an abundant entrance may be ministered unto us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,” who is our great example. Whatever you find lovely and of good report in the character of B—— L—— imitate in your own lives, and

pray that a double portion of that Spirit which rested upon him may rest upon yourselves ; in a word, follow him as he followed Christ.

“As he drew near the confines of eternity the dark cloud vanished, and he told his minister he had ‘joy unspeakable, and full of glory.’”

“Put thou thy trust in God,  
In duty's path go on ;  
Walk in his strength with faith and hope,  
So shall thy work be done.

“Commit thy ways to Him,  
Thy works into his hands ;  
And rest on his unchanging words,  
Who heaven and earth commands.

“Though years on years roll on,  
His cov'nant shall endure ;  
Though clouds and darkness hide his path,  
The promised grace is sure.

“Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
His power will clear the way ;  
Wait thou his time—the darkest night  
Shall end in brightest day.”

---



MARY M——.

DIED 1848. AGED 16.

EARLY AND CONSISTENT PIETY, CONTRASTED WITH THE  
CASE OF ONE "NOT FIT TO DIE."

THERE is a peculiar charm in the society of those who, from their earliest years, give evidence of the spiritual life within them. Even in childhood, so different are they from the children of the world, that those around them cannot resist the conviction that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." In maturer age such persons seem to be of another world; the influence of those principles which have grown with their

growth, and strengthened with their strength, is manifested in a character of consistent piety ; and in old age how valuable are their influence, their example, and their opinions to the Church around them.

It was not permitted to Mary M—— to shed that light of which I have been speaking far beyond the years of childhood, for she was scarcely sixteen when her heavenly Father called back the life He gave, and took her to Himself. Mary was the child of pious and respectable parents, living in the west of England ; and losing her father at a very early age, she went with her widowed mother, and the rest of her family, to reside with her aunt and grandmother in the town where I saw her a few weeks before her death. She was of a remarkably docile and amiable character, and it appeared that, even from infancy, she preferred spiritual employments and Christian companions to any others. She had been piously brought up, and her conduct plainly showed that the work of the Spirit was at the same time vigorously progressing in her heart. Her favourite recreation was learning passages of Scripture and hymns, which she would remember and repeat with remarkable accuracy ; while her distress of mind, if any thing caused the omission of family prayer ; her uneasiness with, and distaste for, un-

profitable companions ; her love of conversing about death and eternity and the glories of heaven, were so many indications that her affections were set on things above. At the early age of thirteen Mary was confirmed, though her friends thought her too young ; but she entreated them not to put it off, lest she should die without the comfort of receiving the Lord's Supper. She had always been delicate, but at this time was particularly so ; her pale, though devout and interesting countenance, excited much attention, and a severe attack of influenza, some time after, left her in such a state as to make it certain that consumption would bring her to the grave ; and, notwithstanding every care that affection could devise, and every assistance that her friends among the rich in the town where she dwelt could render, all efforts were unavailing for any purpose but to smooth her way to the tomb, and to prepare her for the change.

- Mary M— had been lingering nine months, and was considered in the last stage of her illness, when a valued clerical friend was requested to visit her. At this time she was in great affliction, feeling the heavy burthen of her sins, and joined with many tears in the prayers offered up for her. But when she was once enabled to cast all her sins, in

humble faith, at the foot of the Redeemer's cross, how sweet was the calm that pervaded her mind, and how cheerfully did she anticipate the expected change! "Waiting to be gone" was her frequent answer to inquiries about her state. "Jesus died for me" was the answer with which she silenced all doubts. During the last few hours of her life she suffered intensely, and her kind friend the clergyman was called to her bedside. She desired him to pray that she might be instantly released by death; to which he replied, that he would pray that she might have patience given her to await the Lord's time, that her faith might not be overcome by the weakness of the flesh. He did so; and when they all rose from kneeling round the bed, the sufferer seemed to be dying. But their united prayers were answered, for she gave no evidence of a single pang afterwards; but, lying perfectly still for some minutes, with a smiling expression of peace on her countenance, she surrendered her spirit into the hands of her heavenly Father.

There was nothing remarkable about the circumstances of Mary M——'s life, or the manner of her death. In this Christian country, many (I wish I could say all) of the better sort of poor are piously brought up, and many are called to an early grave by lingering consumption, or other



complaints; and yet as I gazed upon the silent corpse, which I did a few days after Mary's death, I could not help thinking that a useful lesson might be derived from her history, at least in one particular, which will be more obvious when I allude to another case which has occurred to my mind by way of comparison.

In this same town of C——, where I am still a sojourner, the same minister of God, some weeks before he was called to visit Mary M——, received an urgent appeal from the friends of a dying youth, to administer consolation and instruction to him during what were supposed to be his last hours. My friend hastened to the bedside, and on asking the young man how he felt, the answer was, "Not fit to die." Although this youth bore an excellent character for morality and amiability of every kind, was beloved by all who knew him, and by none so much as the family with whom he was most intimately associated, yet, on being taken by surprise from a state of health and enjoyment to a near view of eternity, he declared himself "not fit to die." About six hours after my friend's first interview with this awakened sinner, he was called into eternity; and as he had scarcely ceased to cry aloud for mercy from the first moment, his friends were not left without hope on his sudden removal. I

have said his friends were not without *hope*, because we know that God calls some at the eleventh hour to come unto Him and have everlasting life, and mortals dare not set bounds to his mercy; but I say it with caution, for it is an awful thought, that the work which in this instance seventeen years were allotted to perform, was crowded into the space of a few hours, while the sufferer was enfeebled by sickness and distressed with fears! But why was not this amiable youth as well prepared to die as Mary M——? Was it not that the latter had felt herself to be not her own, but bought with a price? She had presented to God a living, holy, acceptable sacrifice, and her good works were the fruits and evidences of faith in Christ, and conformity to his image, while she was seeking a house not made with hands, and looking forward to death as the gate of everlasting life: whereas the former had been neglectful of his God, and careless of his Saviour; he had been moral and amiable from education, and habit, and natural disposition, but he had not looked beyond this world for happiness, and was contented with its approbation rather than his Maker's. Well might death come upon such an one as the King of terrors, and force him to exclaim, "I am cut off in the midst of my days;" for this world he was leaving behind, and of the next

he had had little thought. But it may be said of this narrative also, Here is nothing strange ; hundreds die suddenly in the course of the year, and this is only one case among many. Alas ! it is true, that mortals live carelessly on, not only as if sudden death, but death in any form, were unknown and unexpected. Thousands fall at their side, and ten thousand at their right hand, and they forget the possibility that the arrow of death may ever come nigh them. The daily register, the open grave, the slow procession, the tolling bell, the closed shutter, the sable garb, the mourners going about the streets,—all these, and many other signs of mortality constantly around us, are insufficient ; and as the sight passes from our eyes, and the sound dies away on our ears, each careless one listens with eager credulity to the tempting whisper, “Thou shalt not die.”

I now come to the principal lesson, which was strongly imprinted on my mind while considering the subject of these narratives ; and this is, the advantage which the progressing and confirmed believer, who has from a child known the Holy Scriptures, has, at the point of death, over him who learns for the first time the value of his soul, the preciousness of his Saviour, and the solemn realities of eternity, in the agonizing hour of hastily entering upon it. When we are

about to commence a journey from our home to a distant part, do we not prepare for it some time beforehand, that when the hour arrives we may be ready? Then how is it we make so little provision for the journey we must all take at some time or other? A greater or less portion of time is given to each, in which to make our preparations; and we know not what will be the messenger, nor when the hour appointed to convey us to our long home.

It is a favourite idea with many, that those who are plucked, as it were, as brands from the burning at a late period of their lives, are greater monuments of the grace of God, and have more call for gratitude and love than others; they have the solemn contrast before them of what they were, and what they now are, and the grace of God seems more rich to them by that contrast. And I would not fail to admire and wonder at such mercy; and be thankful to the God of all grace, who calls the sinner from darkness to light whensoever He will; and in such cases, when God is magnified, I will rejoice; but with regard to my own feelings, I enter most fully into the sentiment contained in one of the hymns repeated to me by one of my Sunday scholars only last Sabbath:—

“To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee  
Our childhood we resign;  
’Twill please us to look back and see  
That our *whole* lives were thine.”

~~~~~



W—— E——, THE YOUNG DISCIPLE.

DATED 1849.

“Come here, William, and take this penny  
to the next door and bring me a pipe, and I  
will give you another penny for yourself.”  
“No,” said the child, “I will *not*, for that

would be a sin." "What does he mean?" said the woman. "Why," answered the boy, "my school hymn says, 'we must not buy on Sunday, for that would be a sin.'" The aunt was silent; but still not understanding the motive, said, "I will give you twopence if you will go." The child still said "No." At last she produced a silver sixpence; and holding the tempting bait between her finger and thumb, said, like Satan of old, "All this will I give you." The child was stedfast, and said, "If you offer me *all* the world I will not buy on Sunday."

Now mark here the sins committed by this woman. A direct breach of the Fourth Commandment is one sin, and tempting her neighbour to the breach of it also, by selling on the Lord's day, is the second; and then endeavouring to tempt a young person to do the same is the third sin in the transaction; and, to crown all, when reproved for the act, she excused herself by an untruth, saying, "I only did it *to try* him like." This narrative respecting the young Christian's observance of the Sabbath may appear unimportant to many; but he stands forth as a witness against all who, for some worldly gain or idle fancy, would set aside the Sabbath in order to do their own pleasures or get their own gains on the Lord's

day. Here was a noble instance of the Christian's triumph, especially in one of such tender years, over temptations. "If you offer me all the world I will not buy on Sunday." His resolution to keep the Sabbath-day holy was not only a fine trait in his character, it was an index to it; it proved that religious principle was alive within, and that this was a master-spring to all his actions. His master was very much attached to him. His chief characteristic was a love of truth: he never had been known to tell a falsehood at any time, and would always confess his faults, though he knew punishment would follow.

The poor little fellow was taken ill with small-pox; and his grandmother came to say the youth would not let her rest till she promised to go and tell his minister how ill he was, and that he wished to see him. When his pastor went to him, he was much pleased with his visit. He said to the boy, "Well, William, do you know who it is that has made you sick?" "Yes, sir, it is the Lord." "Are you afraid to die, William?" asked the minister. He answered, "Yes, sir." The clergyman again asked why he feared to die. The youth answered with great seriousness, "Because I do not feel my sins forgiven." He was directed to the Saviour, and instructed to

believe in Him. The mother said, "Sir, William says at death he shall not receive *full* glory, even if God, for Christ's sake, takes him to heaven." His minister asked the boy what he meant, and how he knew that to be the case. He said, "I remember hearing you say in your sermon one Sunday, that we should not receive full glory till the morning of the resurrection, when the body and soul would be re-united again." On another day he said, "I wish I was at home." His mother thought him wandering, and said, "You are at home, and I am with you." "No," he said, "heaven is my home, and I shall never be at home till I get there; oh, I wish it were now!" I called to see him, and he told me of his own accord that he had received great comfort from his minister's visits, and he did not now fear to die. "How is that?" I asked. "Because," he replied, "Jesus invited little children to come unto Him, and said, 'Forbid them not.' " "Well," I observed, "Jesus was on earth *then*; now He is in heaven. You are on earth, and laid on a sick bed: how can you go to Jesus?" He answered very meekly, "By prayer." I asked, "If Christ makes you so ill, do you think He loves you?" "Yes, I think He does." "Then what has He made you ill for?" He considered a moment, and then said,



“That I may be a better boy in future, if I get well again.” One day he said, “I would rather die than live, if it pleased the Lord; for who can tell, if I live to be a man, perhaps I may turn out to be a very bad man?” In his sickness he was extremely patient. His favourite portion of Scripture was the book of Daniel; and he took great interest in the three Jews who were put into the fiery furnace; “because,” he said, “the Son of God walked with them there.”

As our object is to give an account of the manner in which Christians are enabled by Divine grace to bear their trials, especially those of sickness, we could not omit this statement of the young disciple, who, having recovered, will, we hope and believe, adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things. Let this example of the young disciple, who would not for *all* the world profane the Sabbath-day, be always remembered and followed by old and young. For their instruction and benefit this narrative is recorded. May all remember the words of our Saviour: “He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and manifest myself to him.” O that some Sabbath-profaner may be reclaimed by this

youth's conduct, and act on his determination, not for *all* the world to break the Fourth Commandment !

“ How can you go to Jesus ? He answered very meekly,  
By prayer.”

“ Draw me, O Saviour, after Thee !  
So shall I run, and never tire :  
With gracious words still comfort me :  
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire ;  
Free me from every weight ; nor fear  
Nor sin can come if Thou art near.

“ In suffering be thy love my peace,  
In weakness be thy love my power ;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
O Lord, in that important hour,  
In death as life be Thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died !”

---



BESSY H——, THE SUNDAY SCHOOL GIRL.

DIED 1849.

“Do you feel inclined for a walk in the village?” said my friend, Mrs. H——. I answered in the affirmative. “I wish,” continued Mrs. H——, “to call and see one of my Sunday school girls, who I hear is very ill. She has been in my class for some time, and seemed to feel pleasure in the instruction received from me; indeed, had I been asked which girl in the class gave best promise of benefiting from my labour, I should, in all probability, have said B. H——. I fre-

quently saw her in tears when I was speaking of the unbounded love of Christ, and I hoped a day would come when all this fair promise would ripen into fruit. Nothing could exceed her deep attention, or her apparent attachment to myself." When we had reached the cottage where B. H—— resided, the mother informed us that her child had now taken entirely to her bed, and was in a rapid decline.

We found, on ascending to the bedroom, that the poor child was indeed in a consumption; her eye was bright, her cheek flushed, and a deep cough, which at times threatened to snap the silver cord already loosened, bespoke too plainly to be mistaken, the malady which had been commissioned to take her home. "You see, ma'am," she said, holding up her poor arm, "I am nothing but skin and bone, and I suffer great pain too. I can only lie on one side, and that is very sore, the skin being off." There was nothing like impatience in this recapitulation of suffering; and the heart which could have witnessed unmoved the poor child's manner must have been destitute of all feeling. Mrs. H——, anxious to minister to the soul and body of her young pupil, said, "Tell me, Bessy, how you feel in your mind; what are your thoughts of death now it is so near? for,

you know, we have often spoken of these things at school." "Oh," said the child, "I am very frightened to think I shall die!" "Can you look to the good Shepherd?" said my friend. "No, I cannot see Him; I am afraid to die; I have no hope." Mrs. H—— said, "I can only point you to a Saviour, and tell you, none who come to Him will be cast out; you must look from yourself to Christ, who is the fountain of life, the relief of all burthened consciences, the peace-maker between God and man; 'He came into the world to save sinners,' and to heal the sick souls that call upon Him; you know He said, 'the whole have no need of a physician.' Do you feel that your soul is sick, and needs a Saviour to heal all its diseases?" "Oh, yes, I feel I am a sinner! that makes me fear to die." I said, "Can you read?" The girl answered, "Not much; my eyes are weak, and I cannot hold a book." "Can you pray?" I asked. "No, I have no breath." I said, "Prayer does not require either words or breath to be heard in heaven. All the prayers in the Bible are short; they only just express a sense of misery, and a hope in God's mercy. None can ever be cast out who come with faith in God's power to help them, and in simple reliance on his mercy. You can remember this, 'Have mercy on

me, O Lord, thou Son of David!’ then there is the prayer of David, ‘Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me;’ then there is the prayer of good king Hezekiah, ‘O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me;’ then, again, the prayer of the poor publican, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’ ” “Oh!” said the child, “I can remember all those prayers, and I can understand them, but I am frightened to die.”

After praying with the girl, we took our departure, not without an earnest desire that our heavenly Father would spare this young child until she had recovered spiritual strength. Her minister and Mrs. H—— were constant in their visits, but during my brief sojourn in the village the girl did not seem to receive any peace. The other day I heard from my friend, who gave me the following particulars in a letter: “I know you will like to have an account of some of the last days of poor B. H——, the girl you visited with me. She has been dead about three weeks. A short time after you left, she told her mother she could die now, for she could see Jesus had died for her, and He had taken away the *fear* of death. It was on a Sunday she made this remark to her mother, and she at the same time said, ‘If I die before I

see Mrs. H——, tell her how thankful I am to her for her instruction ; much that I did not understand is quite plain to me now. Oh, may the Lord bless Mrs. H—— !' I called on the Monday evening, at the desire of poor Bessy, who thought herself dying ; she told her mother to fetch me, as she could not die without seeing me, and thanking me herself for my instruction. She was supported in her father's arms when I entered the room, breathing with extreme difficulty ; she, however, held out her hand to me, and said, ' Mrs. H——, I want to thank you for all your instructions to me, and to tell you I am not afraid to die now.' I said, ' Why are you not fearful now ?' ' Because,' she said, ' Jesus died for sinners, and so He died for me.' I said, ' Have you no fear ?' She said, ' None ; Jesus has pardoned me.' I said, ' Should you like to be well, and come to school as usual ?' She said quickly and earnestly, ' No, no, Mrs. H——, not for all this world.'

" She revived after this ; and in the evening, hearing her little brother saying his prayers in the room, she said, ' Mother, mother, do not let him speak so fast ; that is not prayer.' The last time I called I observed, ' Well, Bessy, you are still here.' ' Yes,' she answered, ' but I shall be very glad to be gone.' She then asked me,

‘What book is that you have in your hand?’ I said, ‘The Bible. You know this is Tuesday, and I am going to the boys’ school.’ ‘Oh!’ she said, ‘I wish every body would prepare for death. Tell them, Mrs. H——, that I wish them to know it is a hard thing to die; tell them I find it so, and wish them to prepare. I should like to see all the girls in my class.’ The girls accordingly called; and one said to her, ‘How is it, Bessy, that you have no fear to die? are you quite sure you have no fear?’ She said, ‘I have no fear, because Christ came into this world to save sinners, and I am sure I am one.’ She blessed God for a Sunday school. That night she died. She prayed very earnestly that she might have a quiet night, and desired to be left alone. Her mother laid her down in bed and left her. At five in the morning her father went to look at her; she had just breathed her last, and did not seem to have moved since the previous evening. Her end was *peace*.

“She said to her school-fellows, ‘I have no fear, because Christ came into this world to save sinners, and I am sure I am one.’”

“Light of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death!  
Rise on us, Thyself revealing,  
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.

“Thou, of life and light Creator!  
In our deepest darkness rise;  
Scatter all the night of nature;  
Pour the day upon our eyes.



“Still we wait for thine appearing;  
Life and joy thy beams impart;  
Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Every meek and contrite heart.

“By thine all-sufficient merit  
Every burden'd soul release;  
By the shining of thy Spirit  
Guide unto thy perfect peace.”

---



ANN W——; OR, GROWTH IN GRACE.

DIED A.D. 1850. AGED 11.

FROM infancy this dear child was the subject  
of her parents' most earnest solicitude and

prayers. Her soul was very precious in their estimation; and under the conviction that God would at some not very distant period call them to give an account of their stewardship, with regard to this treasure committed to their keeping, they resolved to use their best endeavour to render in that account with joy, knowing assuredly, that they who seek earnestly the guidance of Almighty God shall never lack wisdom for the most arduous undertaking.

The parents of little Ann had lost children by death, and about two years before the period of which I write, Elizabeth, an elder sister of Ann's, was taken from them. No pains had been spared in the training of Ann. Elizabeth, who was several years older, was of a very sedate turn of mind, and no doubt was instrumental by her frequent admonitions in forming the character of the subject of this narrative. Ann was of a gay and sprightly temperament, and sometimes seemed to stand in need of her sister's loving counsel. When seriously conversed with she always appeared deeply affected; and when the ingratitude of sin and its awful consequences were set before her, she not unfrequently wept much at the sad picture. About twelve months before her death, she was taken by her mother to Malvern, her health requiring change. She was left with

a friend for a few weeks without any of her family. The child shall now speak for herself. "It was while in this solitude, and feeling the loss of my parents, that I began to call to mind all their counsel, and to feel sensible of my state as a sinner, and my need of a Saviour."

From this period she became more thoughtful, and anxious for the forgiveness of her sins. Soon after this, Ann visited a Christian friend of her family, to whom she refers in her last hours. This friend had much conversation of an interesting nature with the child, the effect of which was to convince her of the child's growth in grace. Her next change was to visit an aunt and uncle at B——, in which place she heard a sermon preached by a stranger from Job v. 17, 18, which made a deep impression upon her. The words are these: "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: for he maketh sore, and bindeth up: he woundeth, and his hands make whole." In a letter to her parents, she wrote, "while listening, I lifted up my heart to God in prayer, and I remember almost all the sermon. The preacher showed how man could not take away sin, for the strength of sin is the law; therefore he that taketh away sin must be stronger than the law. I could not take my

eyes off the minister the whole time ; I could have stayed all night to hear him." For the last few months of her short life she was very anxious, and heavily burdened with sin ; she asked, " What must I do ? must I be satisfied that God will pardon me sometime, for I cannot feel He *has* done so ? I do not mean that I must give over praying, but I want to be satisfied that He has heard my prayers. Suppose death should come, and I do not feel satisfied, what should I do ? "

Such questions prove the earnest state of her mind. She was directed to place full confidence in her Saviour. Her tender mother, seeing both body and mind suffering, and knowing her time on earth to be growing short, said to her, " My dear child, I hope you will look to Jesus Christ for the pardon of your sins, and cast your heavy burden of guilt on Him." She answered, " I have confessed my sins to Him ; I wish I had done so before ; and He has forgiven my sins, every one of them ! He has taken every one upon Himself." A short time before her death, she said, " where is Robert ? " (her only brother, nine years of age.) Her mother told her he was in the room. She then said, " I should like to see him." The mother placed him before her ; Ann at this time had much difficulty in

breathing, and on that account was supported in bed. "Robert," said the dying child, "I hope you will be a good boy, and pray to God ; I have prayed for you, and I trust God will forgive all our unkindness to each other. I have quite forgiven you. I shall leave you, and go to heaven, and shall see dear Elizabeth (the sister mentioned above), and those I never saw before, my dear brothers and sisters ; we shall be a whole family in heaven, if you will come, Robert. Mother," she continued, "I should like him to have all my books. Tell my cousins I have not forgotten them. Tell dear Mrs. F—— (the Christian friend before named) I am quite happy. Thank my uncle and aunt for their kindness to me." She again exhorted her brother to come to her in heaven : "You must go to hell, Robert, if you do not seek salvation. Oh ! what should I do without salvation ! We must all have gone to hell without salvation. You, dear brother, will soon be the only one left, and now mind, do be a good boy, and love the Saviour. You shall have all my books, and any thing I can do for you." She then repeated her favourite hymn (which will be found at the end of this narrative) with great emotion and deep feeling, and commended her soul into the keeping of her Saviour. When asked, "What shall we do

with your money?" she immediately answered, "Give it to the missionaries." From that time till her death, she waited with patient submission the release of her blessed spirit from its frail tabernacle, to dwell for ever in the realms of heavenly day. About an hour before she died, she held out her hand, saying, "I can see; I can see;" her mother said, "What can you see?" She replied, "Jesus; He is taking me by the hand." The mother adds, "We have no reason to believe but that Ann was at that time, and indeed as long as life continued, in the full possession of her senses. And," concludes this sorrowing, yet rejoicing parent, "may this trophy of redeeming love bind our wandering hearts to Thee, O God, till we shall unite to swell the chorus, 'Worthy is the Lamb who has washed us in his own blood, and made us kings and priests to God, to receive honour, and glory, and praise for ever. Amen.'"

If we only made the Bible our guide in all things, what a happy world this would be! If we would each one make up our minds (God assisting us) to act up to the letter of our baptismal vow, there would be no need of lengthened argument. We should then fight manfully under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and be more than conquerors through Him who loveth us.

“She repeated her favourite hymn.”

- “Jesus, Refuge of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!
- “Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust in Thee is staid,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- “Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind;  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee,  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.”
-



**NARRATIVES FOR THE YOUNG,  
WHICH ILLUSTRATE THE USES OF AFFLICTION, &c.**

“He is like a refiner’s fire, and like fullers’ sope : and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver : and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.”—MAL. iii. 2, 3.

A FEW friends were reading the above passage, when one of them gave it as an opinion that the fullers’ soap and the refiner of silver were two images, intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influences of the grace of Christ.

“No,” said another, “they do not convey



just the same view ; there is something remarkable in the expression in the third verse, ' He shall *sit* as a refiner and purifier of silver.' " They all said, " that possibly it might be so." One of them was going into the town, and promised to see a silversmith, and report to them what he said upon the subject. This person went without telling him the object of the errand, and begged to know the process of refining silver, which he fully described. " But do you *sit*, sir, while you are refining ? " " Oh yes ! I must sit with my eyes steadily fixed on the furnace, since if the silver remain too long it is sure to be injured." At once the beauty, and comfort too, of the expression were seen, " He shall *sit* as a refiner and purifier of silver." Christ sees it needful to put his children into the furnace ; but He is seated by the side of it, his eye is steadily intent on the work of purifying, and his wisdom and his love are both engaged to do all in the best manner for them.

The individual was returning to tell the friends what had been heard. Just on turning from the shop door, the silversmith called the person back, and said that he had forgotten to mention one thing ; and that was, that he only knew that the process of purifying was complete by seeing his own image in the silver. When Christ sees

his image in his children, his work of purifying is accomplished.

This scriptural idea, which is thus confirmed by science, has been thus rendered into verse :—

“ He that from dross would win the precious ore,  
Bends o’er the crucible an earnest eye,  
The subtle, searching process to explore,  
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,  
When in the molten silver’s virgin mass,  
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

“ Thus in God’s furnace are his people tried :  
Thrice happy they who to the end endure !  
But who the fiery trial may abide ?  
Who from the crucible come forth so pure,  
That He whose eyes of flame look through the whole,  
May see his image perfect in his soul ?

“ Nor with a quick and transient glimpse alone  
As in that mirror the refiner’s face ;  
But stamp’d with heaven’s broad signet, there be shown,  
Immanuel’s features, full of truth and grace ;  
And round that seal of love this motto be  
Not for a moment, but——Eternity.”

“ Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith ? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea ; and there was a great calm.”—MATT. viii. 26.

THE Lord is as able to manage our affairs, and to order them for our present and eternal good, as He is to govern the natural elements. Be not faithless then, but believing ; committing your concerns into the hands of Him who cares for you.

A vessel being overtaken in a storm, the passengers were all much alarmed, and in fear of being drowned, except one, a sweet-looking boy, who betrayed no fear or sorrow. When the storm was over, one of the passengers asked him, how he came to be so calm when all the rest were so terrified. "Oh!" said he, smiling, "*My Father is the Pilot,*" an admirable reflection for a Christian in distress.

"In life's rough sea, the Christian finds  
The force of adverse waves and winds :  
But let him not in storms despair,  
His Father is the Pilot there."

To understand this clearly, you must be told that ships are moved about by the helm or rudder ; and that it is one of the most difficult parts of a sailor's duty so to manage the helm, that the ship may never go out of its right course, but keep on in the direction of the port to which she is bound. If the man at the helm be careless, or if he sleep while it is his duty to watch, or if he be unskilful or ignorant of the course, the ship may run upon dangerous rocks, or may go quite out of her right track, and so, much time, and, perhaps, even many lives, may be lost. The little boy who was so calm in the storm understood the danger ; but he also knew that his father was such a skilful pilot, that

he could steer the ship even in this violent storm, and that he would do all he could to prevent her being driven upon the rocks or losing her way. He also knew that his father understood how to place the ship, so as best to save it from being driven along too violently by the force of the gale. The reason of his quietness was the full confidence and trust he felt in his father's skill and knowledge.

This child, in the midst of that stormy sea, had confidence in his earthly father, though fallible, or liable to mistakes. And shall not the Christian, in his darkest hour of sorrow and sickness, confide in his Father above, who is omniscient, and knows what is best ; of infinite love, who wills what is best ; and Almighty, who effects what is best ; who can temper and stay the rough wind and wave, or strengthen the shattered bark so as to enable it to bear them, and cause it to ride into the haven where it should be ? “ The Lord divideth the sea when the waves thereof roar <sup>1</sup>. ”

<sup>1</sup> Jer. xxxi. 35.





### THE USES OF AFFLICTION.

#### ANECDOTE.

WHEN the Rev. Mr. Cecil was at Queen's College, Oxford, he was one day walking in the Physic Garden, and observed a very fine pomegranate tree cut almost through the stem, near the root. On asking the gardener the reason of this, "Sir," said he, "this tree used to shoot so strong, that it bore nothing but leaves. I was, therefore, obliged to cut it in this manner; and when it was almost cut through, then it began to bear plenty of fruit." The gardener's explanation of this act conveyed a striking illustration to Mr. C——'s mind of the means employed by

God to cultivate our hearts and make them fruitful; and he went back to his rooms comforted and instructed by this image. And afterwards, when the afflictions of his life came on so numerous and heavy, especially on the occasion of losing a most beloved child, he would observe, "Here again the gardener is seen, cutting the pomegranate almost through."

~~~~~



## SEEK RELIGION NOW.

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near."—ISA. lv. 6.

A GENTLEMAN called his sons around his  
[936] H

dying bed, and said : “ When I was a youth, the Spirit strove with me, and seemed to say, ‘ Seek religion *now* ;’ but Satan suggested the necessity of waiting till I grew up, because it was incompatible with youthful amusement ; so I resolved to wait till I became a man. I did so, and was then reminded of my promise to seek religion ; but Satan again advised me to wait till middle age, for business and its cares demanded all my attention. ‘ Yes,’ said I, ‘ I will wait till middle age.’ I did so, and my serious impressions left me for some years. They were again renewed, conscience reminded me of my promises ; the Spirit said, ‘ Seek religion *now* ;’ but then I had less time than ever. Satan advised my waiting till I was old ; then my children would be settled in business, and I should have nothing else to do ; I could then give an undivided attention to it. I listened to his suggestions, and the Spirit ceased to strive with me. I have lived to be old, but now I have no desire, as formerly, to attend to the concerns of my soul ; my heart is hardened ; I have quenched the Spirit ; now there seems no hope. Already I feel the gnawings of that worm that never dies. Take warning from my miserable end ; **SEEK RELIGION NOW** ; let nothing tempt you to put off this important concern.”

## A PRAYER FOR A SICK CHILD.

(FROM "THE ORDER FOR THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.")

" O ALMIGHTY God, and merciful Father, to whom alone belong the issues of life and death ; Look down from heaven, we humbly beseech thee, with the eyes of mercy upon this child now lying upon the bed of sickness : Visit *him*, O Lord, with thy salvation ; deliver *him* in thy good appointed time from *his* bodily pain, and save *his* soul for thy mercies' sake : That, if it shall be thy pleasure to prolong *his* days here on earth, *he* may live to thee, and be an instrument of thy glory, by serving thee faithfully, and doing good in *his* generation ; or else receive *him* into those heavenly habitations, where the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity. Grant this, O Lord, for thy mercies' sake, in the same thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen."

## CONCLUDING HYMN.

" Glory to Thee ! for all  
 The ransom'd youthful band,  
 For they, O Christ, have heard thy call,  
 And reach'd the happy land.



“ Oh ! that our hearts within,  
Like theirs, were pure and bright;  
Oh ! that as free from wilful sin,  
We shrank not from thy sight.

“ Lord ! help us every hour  
Thy cleansing grace to claim ;  
In life to glorify thy power,  
In death to praise thy name.”

THE END.







